

Exhibit C

DDP LKD (Dawn's Living Kidney Donation)

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Dawn Dorland

Admin - July 7, 2015

For those who are interested, I'm happy to share a letter here that I composed to our Portland recipient (the woman who received my recipient's wife's kidney), which got shared widely around the UCLA transplant team:

Dear Recipient,

My name is Dawn Dorland. I'm a 35-year-old white female, and I live with my husband in LA.

In 2009 I read my first article about living kidney donation, and in the years since, I have been constantly reminded--whether triggered by my reading (I am a writer), or through the stories of people I know--of the harrowing experience of dialysis and the dire need in our country for kidneys. I believe that I knew, from the moment I first became aware of the possibility of donating one of my kidneys, that I would one day find a way to do this.

Once I had all the information, I was motivated to donate at a time when, due to medical advances and the existence of the National Kidney Registry--especially the leaps they've made matching compatible strangers through paired exchange--I stood to make an maximum impact in others' lives with only minimal risk to myself. Personally, my childhood was marked by trauma and abuse; I didn't have the opportunity to form secure attachments with my family of origin. A positive outcome of my early life is empathy, that it opened a well of possibility between me and strangers. While perhaps many more people would be motivated to donate an organ to a friend or family member in need, to me, the suffering of strangers is just as real.

I can't tell you how happy I am that my donation eventually--two organs and four surgeries later--resulted in your receiving [REDACTED]'s kidney. Throughout my preparation for becoming a donor, which spanned precisely eight months from my first testing to the date of our surgeries, I was most excited about the recipient who would come off of the deceased donor list and end our chain. I focused a majority of my mental energy on imagining and celebrating *you*.

My gift, which begat [REDACTED]'s, trails no strings. You are deserving of an extended and healthy life simply for being here.

Please know that my husband and I would love to know more about you, and perhaps even meet you one day. But I accept any level of involvement or response from you, even if it is none.

Thank you for reading this letter, and be well.

Kindly,

Dawn